Inside! In colour! TV's fabulous Pink Panther!

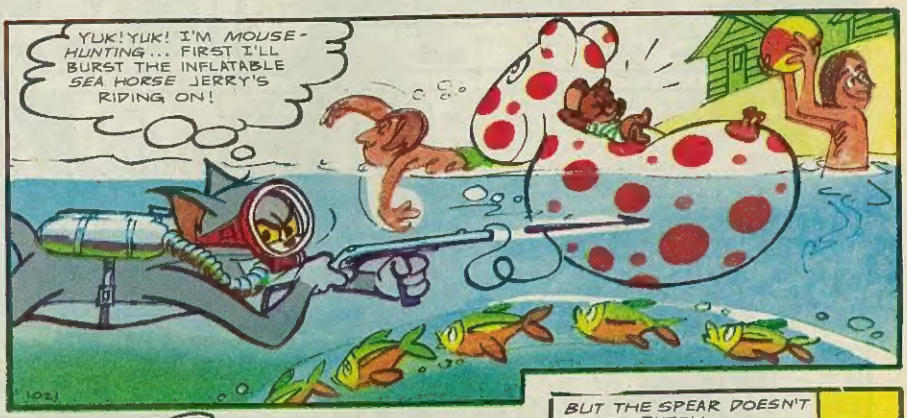
TV COMIC

4p

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week Ending 10th July, 1971 | Number 1021

TOM and JERRY



HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW INFLATABLE SEA CAT, JERRY?
IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ME LAUGH MYSELF HOARSE, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, BUTCH! TE! HE! HE!
BILL MCCUBBIN

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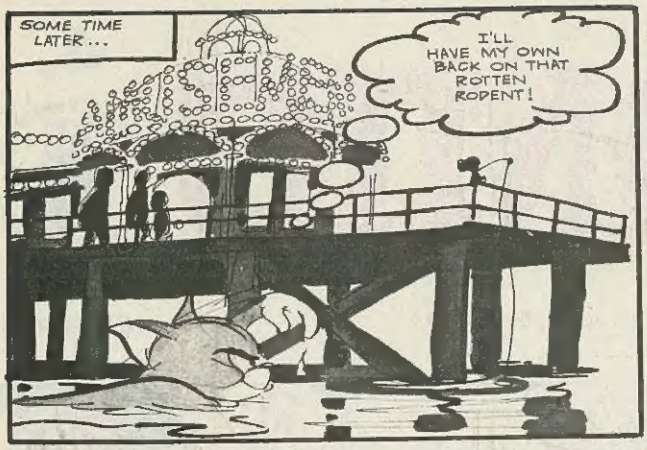
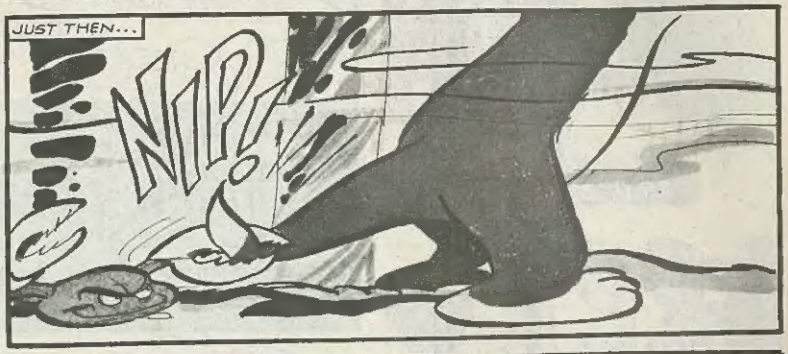
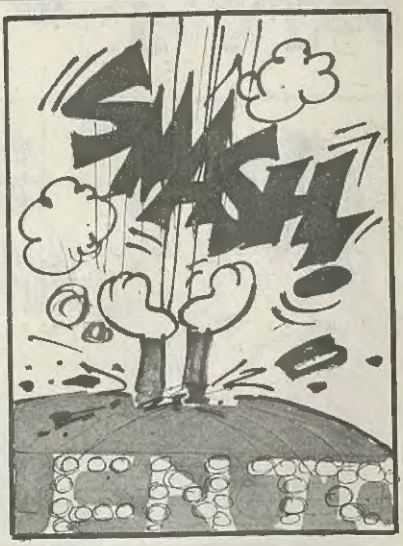
Paddle to page two

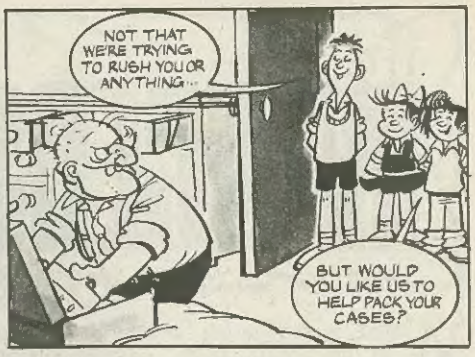


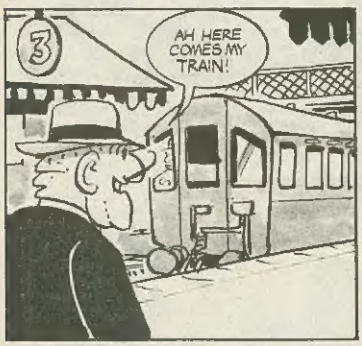


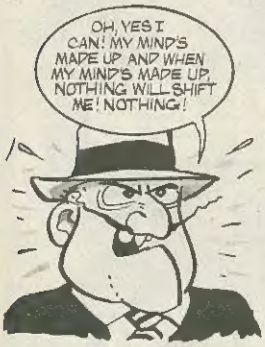


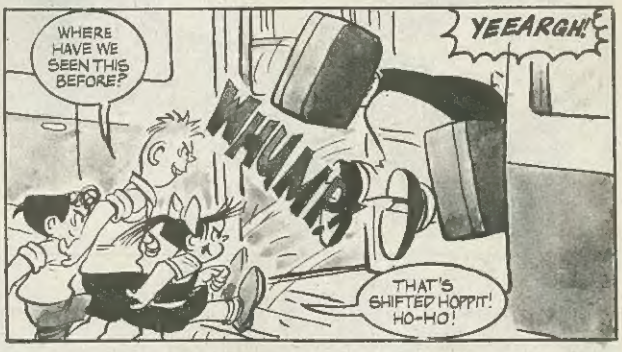
Get outta town ! Two gun Tom's here next week.

TV TERRORS









Next week Hoppit sees red when he plays the bull.

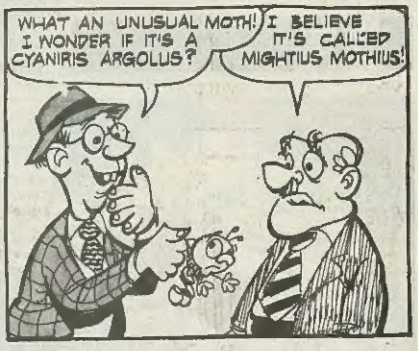
THE AVENGERS

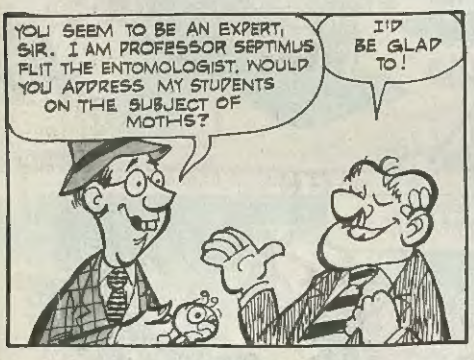
WHILE investigating mysterious happenings at the South Down government research establishment, John Steed and Tara King are captured by a giant living in a cloud land at the top of a beanstalk. They have almost escaped when they are overtaken by the giant.

Based on the Thames Television production

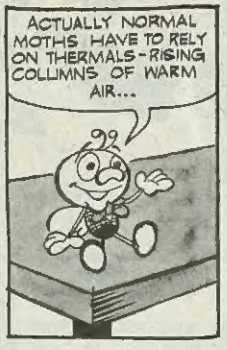
Will Steed be in time ? See next week.

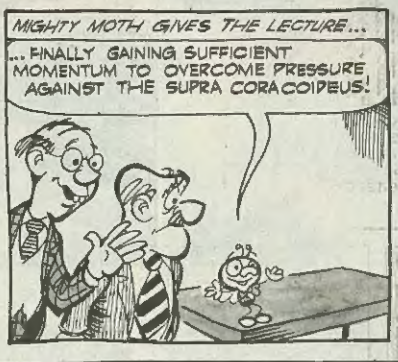
MIGHTY MOTH

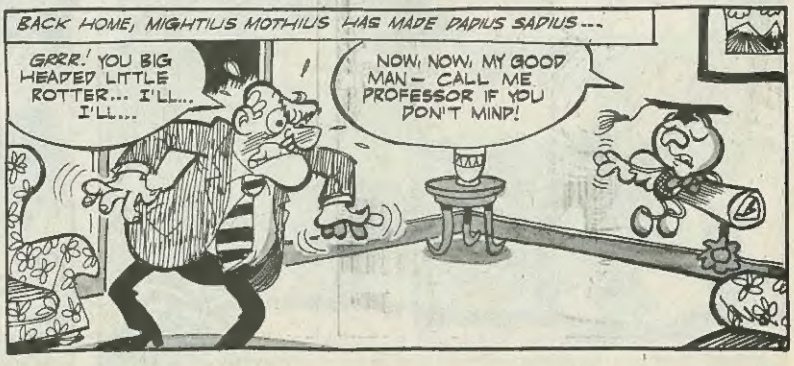



YOU SEEM TO BE AN EXPERT, SIR. I AM PROFESSOR SEPTIMUS FLIT THE ENTOMOLOGIST. WOULD YOU ADDRESS MY STUDENTS ON THE SUBJECT OF MOTHS?
I'D BE GLAD TO!

SO...
BEFORE OUR EXPERT GIVES HIS TALK, HAVE YOU ANY QUESTIONS?
YES, DOES THE MOTH GAIN HEIGHT BY TILTING THE WING THUS CREATING AIR TURBULENCE?
EXIT



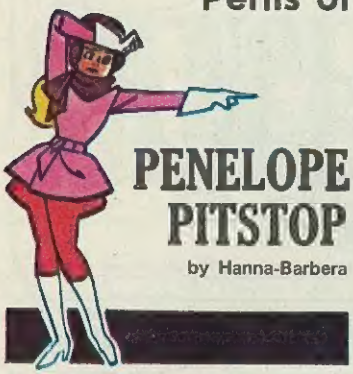

MIGHTY MOTH GIVES THE LECTURE...
...FINALLY GAINING SUFFICIENT MOMENTUM TO OVERCOME PRESSURE AGAINST THE SUPRA CORACOIDEUS!


BACK HOME, MIGHTIUS MOTHIUS HAS MADE DADIUS SADIUS...
GRRR! YOU BIG HEADED LITTLE ROTTER... I'LL... I'LL...
NOW, NOW, MY GOOD MAN — CALL ME PROFESSOR IF YOU DON'T MIND!

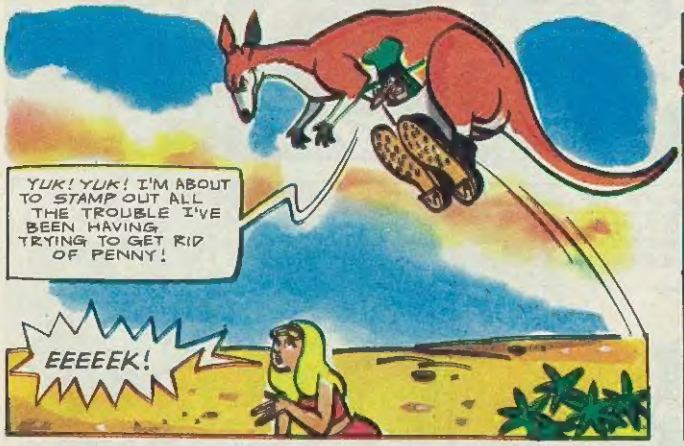
Dad looks snappy when Mighty takes his photo next week.

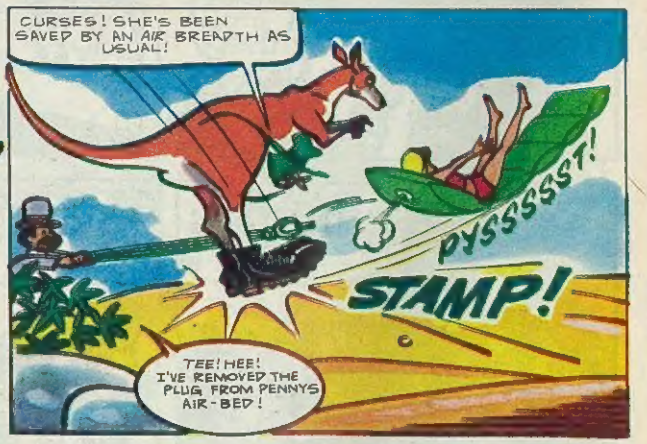
The Perils of PENELOPE PITSTOP

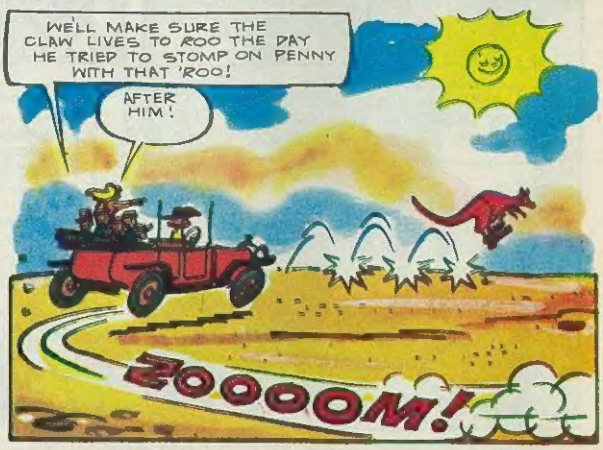
by Hanna-Barbera



SOMETIME LATER, IN AUSTRALIA...
I'VE COME UP WITH THIS BOOTIFUL IDEA WHICH INVOLVES FITTING THIS BIG KANGAROO WITH SIZE 18 BOOTS! HEH! HEH!







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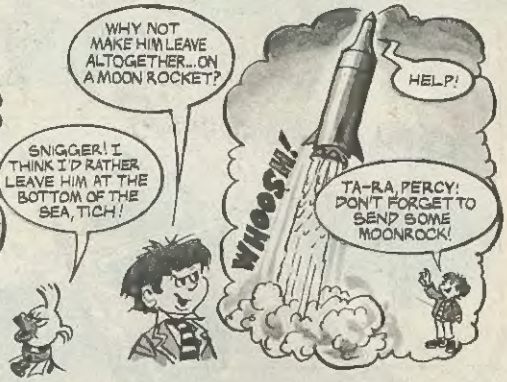
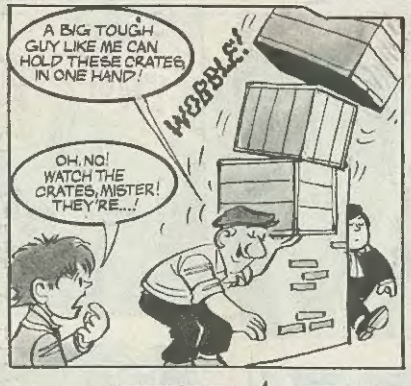
I CAN'T STICK BEING CHASED. I'LL SLING THIS STICK AT THEM!
WHIZZ!
DUCK!
THE CLAW OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T REALISE THAT'S A BOOMERANG! TE! HE!
WHIZZ!
KLUNK!
GNN!
SWIRL!
OH, NO! WHAT A STAGGERING THOUGHT... WE'RE TOTTERING TOWARDS A CLIFF EDGE!
WHOOPS! NEARLY!
AAAAAGH!
BASH!
THUD!
BONK!
THIS SHEER FACE IS PUTTING ME THROUGH SHEER TORTURE! OOPH! OW!
TSK! TSK! POOR OLD CLAW!
THWAMM!
TO QUOTE A FAMOUS OLD AUSTRALIAN PHRASE HE'S BLACK AND BLUEY ALL OVER! TE! HE!
HAW! HAW! HAW!
BAH!

Capital laughs when Penny visits London next week

Tich and Quackers


WHY NOT MAKE HIM LEAVE ALTOGETHER... ON A MOON ROCKET?
SNIGGER! I THINK I'D RATHER LEAVE HIM AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, TICH!
HELP!
WHOOSH!
TA-RA, PERCY! DON'T FORGET TO SEND SOME MOONROCK!

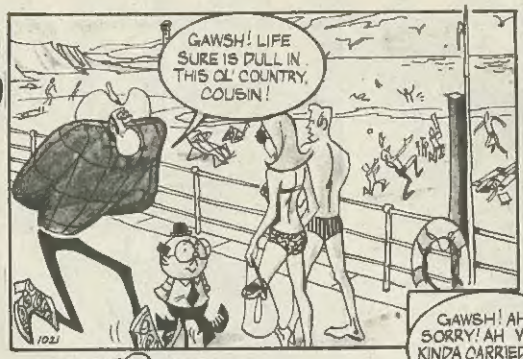


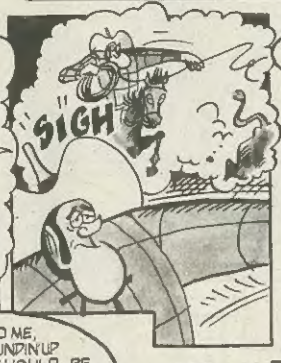
© Ray Alan Enterprises 1971 based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

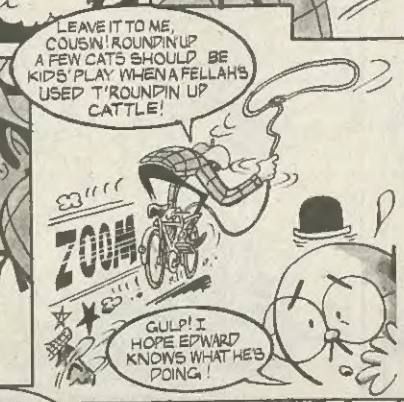
More titters next week with Tich.

TEXAS TED

Big hat, big head






LEAVE IT TO ME, COUSIN! ROUNDIN' UP A FEW CATS SHOULD BE KIDS' PLAY WHEN A FELLAH'S USED T'ROUNDIN UP CATTLE!
ZOOM
GULP! I HOPE EDWARD KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

GRR! THERE'S THE BIG OAF WHO'S BEEN PINCHING OUR CATS!
LET'S HAVE HIM, GIRLS!
OH, DEAR! I DON'T THINK IT'S STRAYS YOU'VE BEEN ROUNDING UP, EDWARD!
FRANK McDIARMID

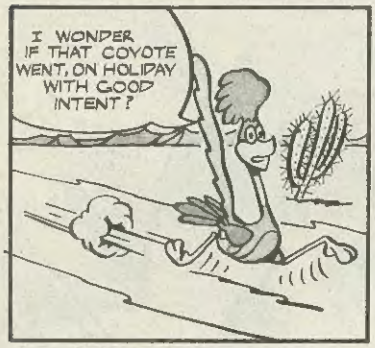
ER... I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, COUSIN!
I THINK IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA, EDWARD, IF YOU WERE TO TREAT THE LADIES TO TEA AND CRUMPETS... AS COMPENSATION!

MY DEEPEST APOLOGIES, LADIES! A MISTAKE AH ASSURE YOU! MIGHT AH TREAT YOU IN THE NEAREST RESTAURANT?
PHEW! IT WORKED!
IF YOU'RE PAYING, TEXAN.. IT'S OKAY BY US!

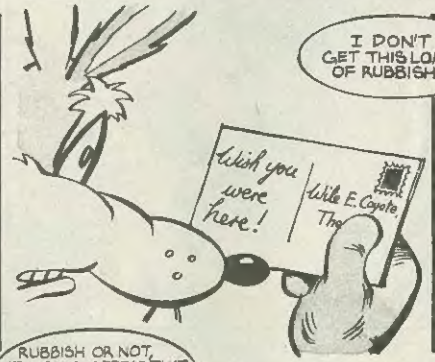
SELF-SERVE
PLEASE QUEUE
GAWSH! WHERE DO THEY PUT IT ALL?
GAS! CHATTER! GAS!
POOR EDWARD! I THINK HE'LL BE HOPING THAT THIS REALLY IS THE LAST ROUND UP.. THESE LADIES HAVE HAD SEVEN ROUNDS ALREADY!

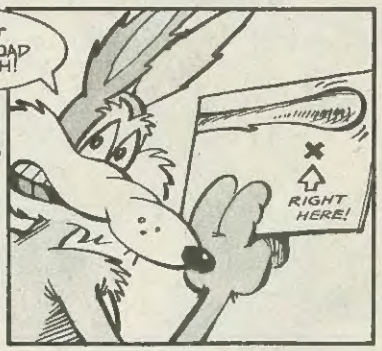
Big Head heads for his big home next week.

BEEP BEEP THE ROAD RUNNER



OH-HO! HA-HA! HE'S BACK AGAIN! AND THINKEST ME HE WENT TO SPAIN!
THAT'S RIGHT, ROAD RUNNER... AND YOU HAVEN'T A HOPE OF PASSING ME NOW! YUK! YUK!





RUBBISH OR NOT, IT WOULD APPEAR THAT WE HAVE SAVED OUR PAPPA DEAR!
BLAT!
WELL DONE, CHILDREN! VERY WELL DONE! THAT'S SILENCED THAT WICKED SON OF A GUN!

SOB! SOB! MAKE A WISH COME TRUE FOR ME, WELL! I WISH I COULD OUTWIT THESE ROAD RUNNERS! SOB!
POOR WILE E'S WISHING AGAIN, I SEE!
AND NOT WISHING WELL! TEE-HEE!
Ye olde desert wishing well.

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Vooom ! Next week Wile E. hires a racing car.

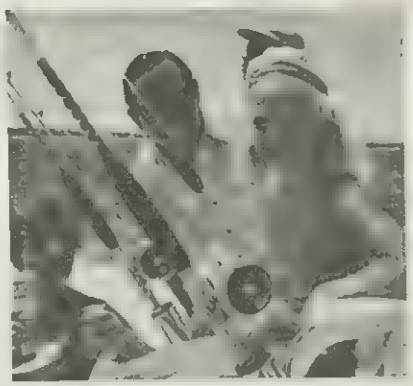
READER'S PAGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, 'Reader's Page, Polly Perkins House, Paddington Green, 382-386 Edgware Road, London, W.2.

ROUNDERS, my guinea-pig, and Hopalong, my rabbit, live in the same hutch together. They are great friends. Hopalong is a lot bigger than Rounders and although Rounders only has little legs he manages to get up on to Hopalong's back for a ride. Unfortunately, when Hopalong starts hopping along Rounders gradually slips off. It's great fun watching them.

Gillian Reis, Amersham, Bucks.

It seems you have a jockey for a guinea-pig, Gillian. You ought to call him "Lester Guineapiggot." (Ed).



THE photograph above is of Giselle Pyfrom whose home, Nassau, is in the Bahamas. She says: I have been at school in England since I was 5 years old. In my first and second years I won the Junior Championship Cup for swimming, and my life saving badge. I also have a certificate from B.O.A.C. for 50,000 miles' travel in two years.

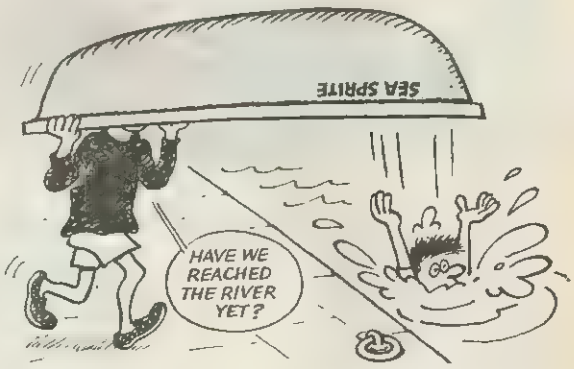
COULD you please tell me how many suits Mighty Moth has eaten and has he eaten any of Ma's dresses? And I hope that one day Dad catches him.

Andrew Cox, Yeovil, Somerset.

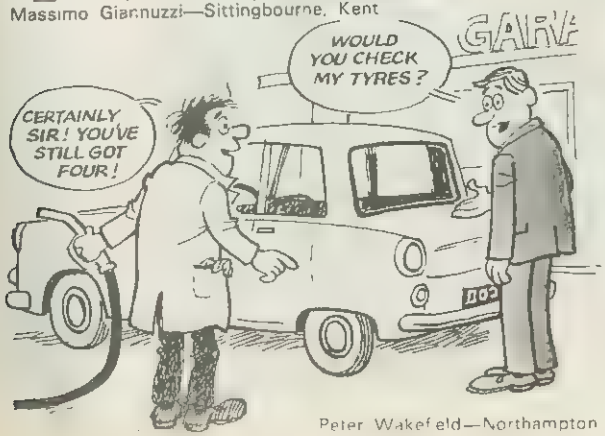
If all the suits and dresses that Mighty Moth has eaten were lined up end to end they would stretch from Lands End to John O'Groats, which means that you could walk the whole distance in bare feet.

READER'S JOKES

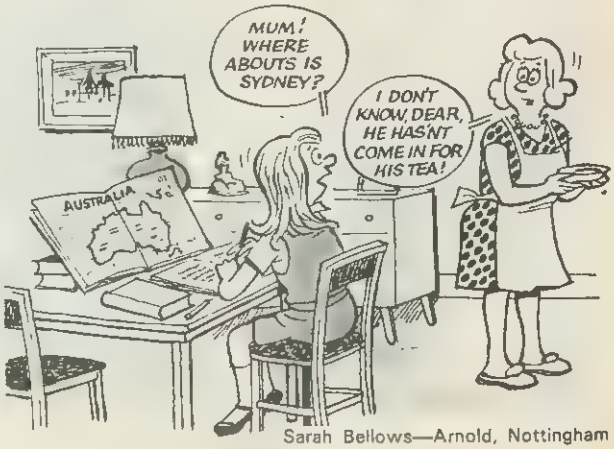
Massimo Giannuzzi—Sittingbourne, Kent



Andrew Warner—Leigh-on-Sea, Essex



Peter Wakefield—Northampton



Sarah Bellows—Arnold, Nottingham

BASIL BRUSH

HURRY, CHUMMERS! THE FAIRS IN TOWN. I LOVE FAIRS!

DON'T I KNOW IT, GUV!

PPEE! THE GUV'S WORSE THAN A KID.

PHEW! THANK GOODNESS THE GUV DOESN'T DRIVE THE FAMILY CAR.

YEOW! LOOK CHUMMERS A GHOST TRAIN! WE MUST HAVE A TRIP ON THAT OLD BEAN

LUVVUS! WHAT NEXT?

GULP! IT'S SPOOKY, CHUMMERS! FRIGHTFULLY CREEPY.

POOH! IT'S ONLY LUMPS OF CEMENT AND STUFF!

RATTLE! RATTLE!

AAGH! A SKELETON! SAVE ME, CHUMMERS!

REALLY, GUV. IT WAS ONLY A PLASTIC SKELETON ANYBODY COULD SEE THAT.

WHO BUT I HAVE ME STY HT.

WHOOOO-OOO-OOO

YIKES! STEADY, GUV!

HELP! A GHOST! A GHOSTIE! HELP!

'ONESTLY GUV! BEATS ME WHY YOU'RE SCARED OF AN OLD SHEET AND SOME LUMINOUS PAINT! IT'S DAFT!

SHIVER!! TREMBLE!!

GUMME GUV! THEY AIN'T REAL! YOU DON'T HAVE TER HIDE UNDER THE SEAT!

HOWL!

SCREECH!

WAIL!

I REFUSE TO LEAVE HERE UNTIL THE JOURNEY'S OVER! AND THAT'S THAT, OLD PIP!

YOU CAN COME OUT NOW GUV... JOURNEY'S END!

PHEW! THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT! I SHOULD HATE TO GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN.

IT'S EXTREMELY REASSURING TO BE HOME AND AWAY FROM IT ALL, OLD CHUM!

YEEAGH! LOOK, GUV! A REAL GHOST! RUN FOR IT!

REALLY, CHUMMERS, THAT'S ONLY EBENEZER... HE'S BEEN HAUNTING THE MANOR FOR CENTURIES. PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

IMAGINE BEING SCARED OF OLD EB... YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, OLD BOY!

YEAH.

It's no joke when Basil's broke next week

ANIMAL MAGIC

by Johnny Morris

THERE is a nocturnal house at the Zoo and the animals who prefer to move about at night live there. One of them is the Wombat.

LOOK, DAD, A WOMBAT!

.T DOESN T LOOK L KE A WOMBAT!

WHAT DO THEY EXP US TO LOOK LI

I KNOW SOME PEOPLE WHO LOOK LIKE US:

BUT DAD, WHAT'S A WOMBAT FOR?

WELL WHAT ARE YOU FOR?

IF WE WERE BIGGER THEY WOULD WORK US LIKE HORSES.

PERSONALLY, I THINK THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE WOMBAT!

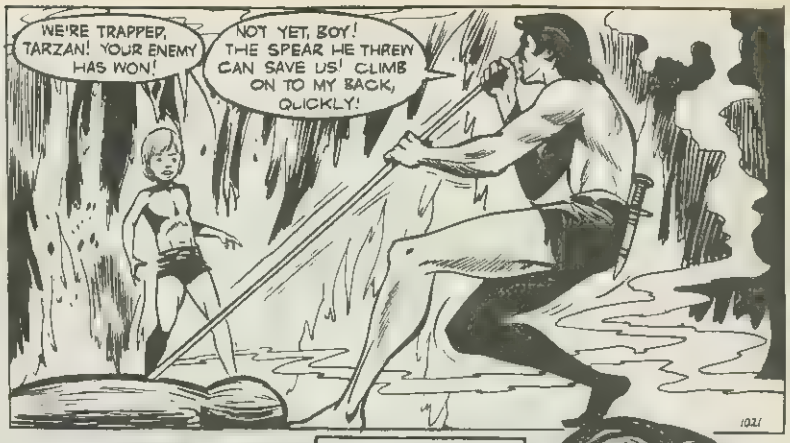
WELL WOULD YOU LIKE A WOMBAT FOR A PET?

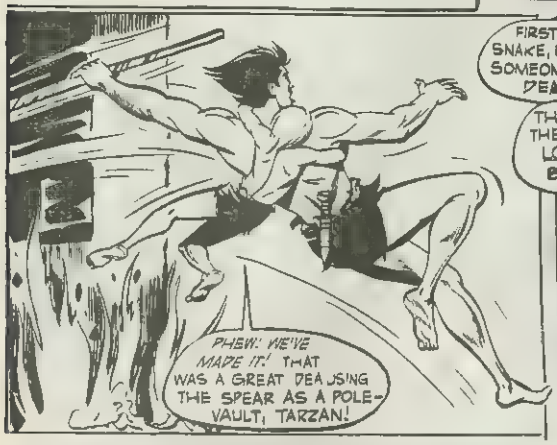
I'D RATHER HAVE A CRICKET BAT!

Next week, Johnny meets the Ostrich

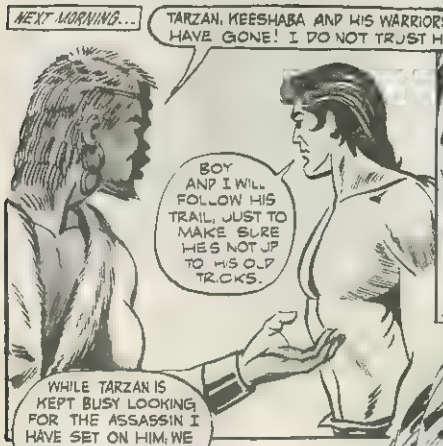
THE ADVENTURES OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' TARZAN

A MYSTERIOUS enemy is trying to kill Tarzan. With his young friend, Boy, Tarzan is staying at Chief Zagala's village for the night when the unknown attacker strikes again and sets fire to their hut . . .





TARZAN AND BOY ARE GIVEN ANOTHER HUT...
KEESHABA HAS REASON TO WANT VENGEANCE ON ME FOR PUTTING A STOP TO HIS WAR-LIKE AMBITIONS A FEW YEARS AGO! BUT PRISON APPEARS TO HAVE CHANGED HIM INTO A PEACEFUL MAN, SO WHO CAN MY SECRET ENEMY BE?
WHOEVER IT IS, THEY ARE DETERMINED TO KILL YOU, TARZAN!


NEXT MORNING...
TARZAN, KEESHABA AND HIS WARRIORS HAVE GONE! I DO NOT TRUST HIM!
BOY AND I WILL FOLLOW HIS TRAIL, JUST TO MAKE SURE HE'S NOT UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS.

WHILE TARZAN IS KEPT BUSY LOOKING FOR THE ASSASSIN I HAVE SET ON HIM, WE ARE FREE TO MAKE OUR BATTLE PLANS!
KEESHABA WILL LEAD US TO GLORY!

A LITTLE LATER...
COME, WE MUST ROUSE THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF OTHER WARRIORS TO SWELL OUR RANKS, THEN WE SHALL BECOME A MIGHTY ARMY!
SO KEESHABA IS BEHIND MY MYSTERIOUS ENEMY! GO TO WARN CHIEF ZAGALA, BOY! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THEM!

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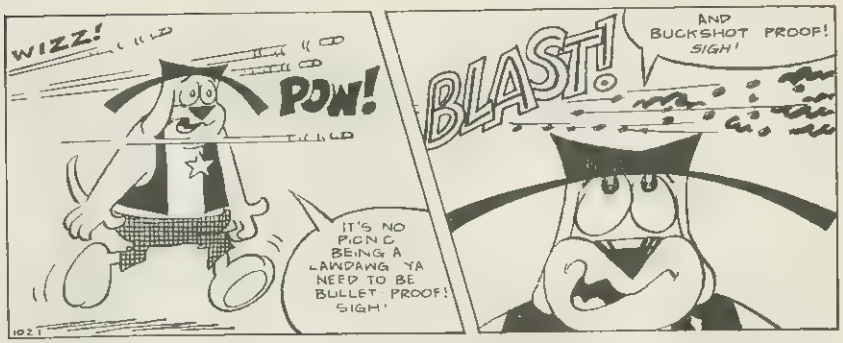
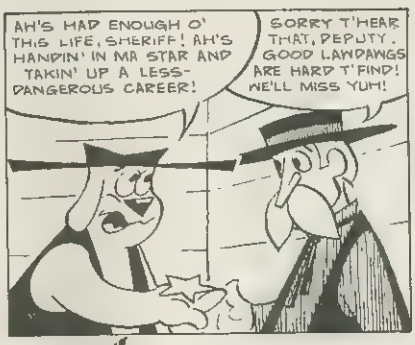
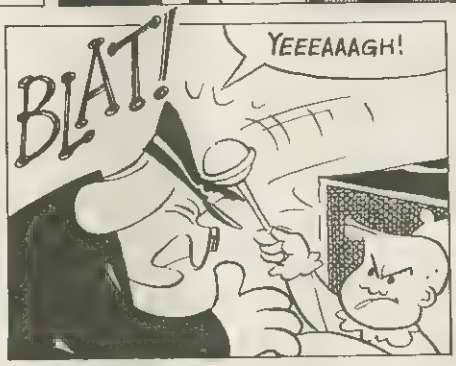
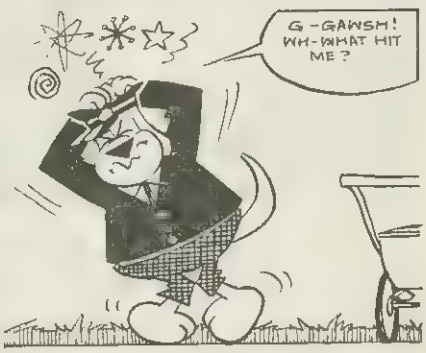
Will the boulder crush Tarzan? See next week

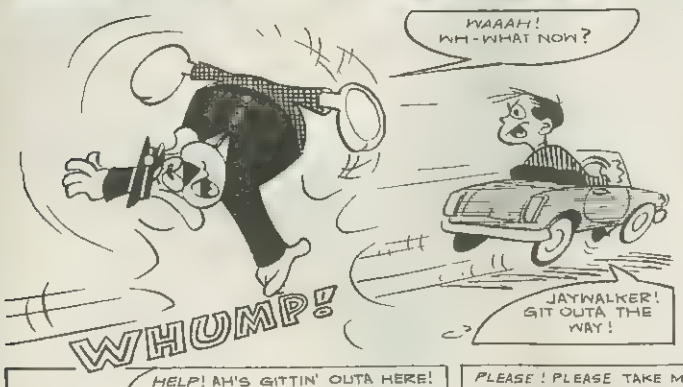
Deputy Dawg

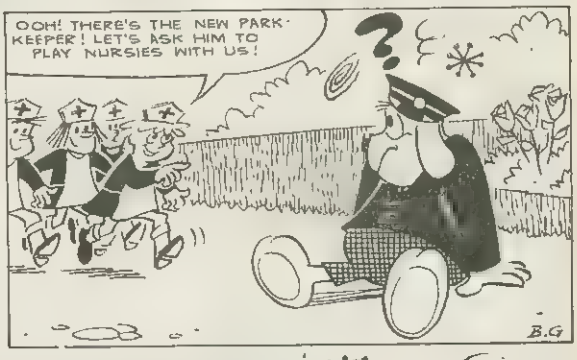


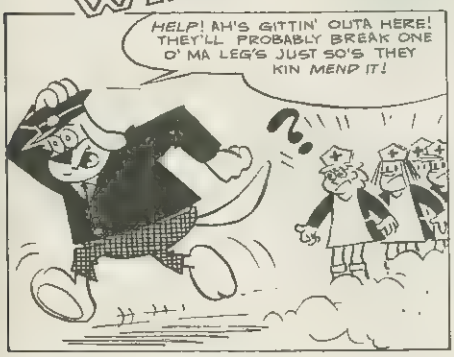

AH'S HAD ENOUGH O' THIS LIFE, SHERIFF! AH'S HANDIN' IN MA STAR AND TAKIN' UP A LESS-DANGEROUS CAREER!
SORRY T'HEAR THAT, DEPUTY. GOOD LAWDAWGS ARE HARD T'FIND! WE'LL MISS YUH!

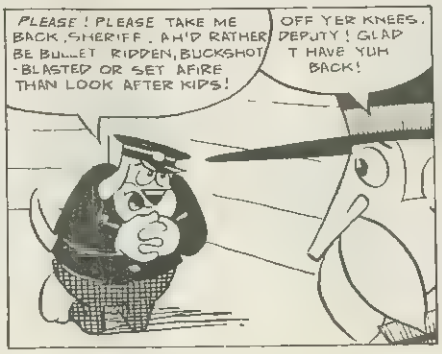


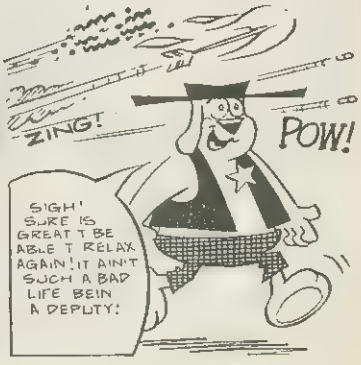









PLEASE! PLEASE TAKE ME BACK, SHERIFF. AH'D RATHER BE BULLET RIDDEN, BUCKSHOT-BLASTED OR SET AFIRE THAN LOOK AFTER KIDS!
OFF YER KNEES, DEPUTY! GLAD T HAVE YUH BACK!



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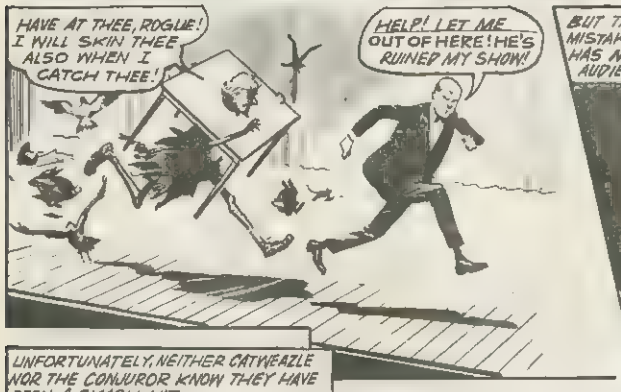
More canine capers next week.

CATWEAZLE

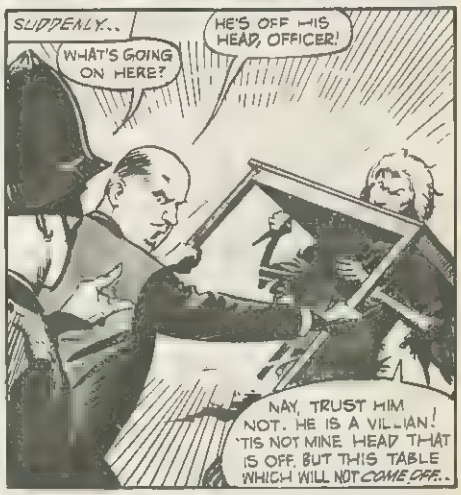
CATWEAZLE has refused to hand the conjuror a rabbit, although he has been placed under the table on the stage for that purpose. But he only agreed to be the conjuror's assistant because he thought the conjuror could work real "magic" . . .

OF COURSE, THE TOP HAT IS A TRICK ONE. IT HAS A FLAP IN THE LID, AND THERE IS A TRAP-DOOR IN THE TABLE TOP... AND THE CONJUROR AT LAST GRABS SOMETHING UNEXPECTED...
NEEAARGH!



BUT THE CONJUROR IS MISTAKEN... THE COMEDY HAS MADE THE SHOW. THE AUDIENCE IS IN FITS...
YEAH! I'M TIRED OF ORDINARY CONJURING!
THIS IS A REAL GIGGLE!
HOORAY! HOORAY!
GREAT SHOW, GREAT! BEST LAUGH I'VE HAD!

UNFORTUNATELY, NEITHER CATWEAZLE NOR THE CONJUROR KNOW THEY HAVE BEEN A SMASH HIT...
O HECATE! 'TIS LITTLE I ASK... JUST TO SKIN THIS TRICKSTER
HE'S OFF HIS ON ON. BUT HE CAN'T HALF RUN. WHAT CAN I DO?
HALL OF MAGIC


SUDDENLY...
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
HE'S OFF HIS HEAD, OFFICER!
NAY, TRUST HIM NOT. HE IS A VILLIAN! 'TIS NOT MINE HEAD THAT IS OFF, BUT THIS TABLE WHICH WILL NOT COME OFF..

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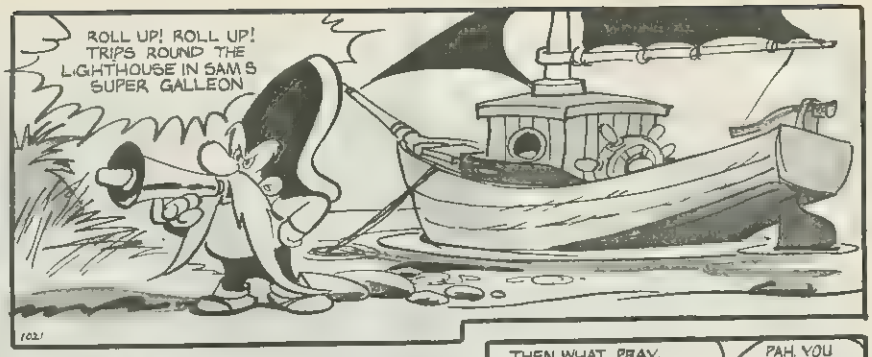
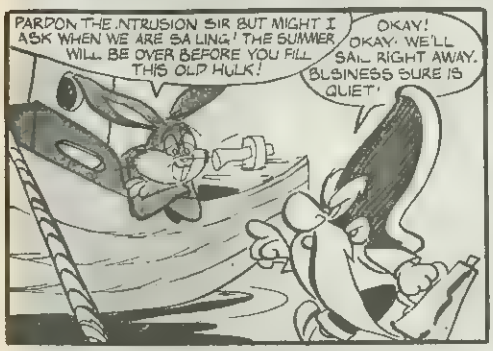
Catweazle in trouble with the Police ? See next week.

THE BUGS BUNNY SHOW

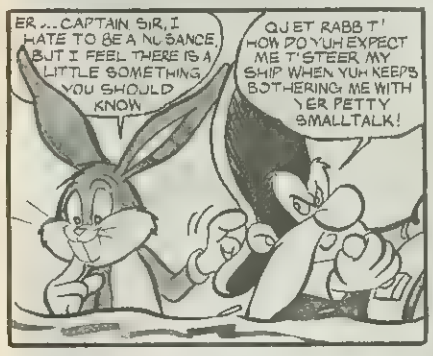
TRIP SLIP

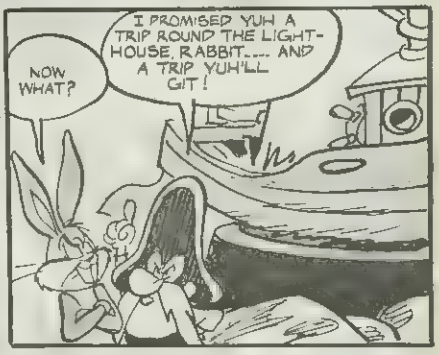


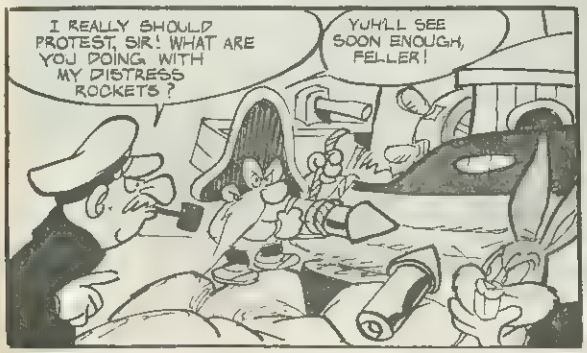

PARDON THE INTRUSION SIR BUT MIGHT I ASK WHEN WE ARE SAILING? THE SUMMER WILL BE OVER BEFORE YOU FILL THIS OLD HULK!
OKAY! OKAY! WE'LL SAIL RIGHT AWAY. BUSINESS SURE IS QUIET!

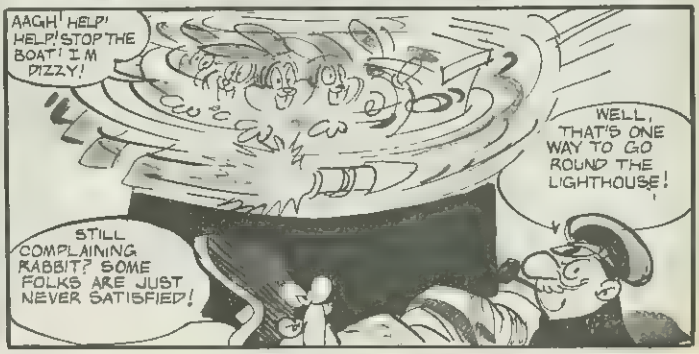
I TRUST THAT THIS NOBLE CRAFT IS SEAWORTHY, SIR?
RABBIT, THIS BOAT'S THE SAFEST ON THE SEVEN SEAS. SHIPSHAPE, WELL-KEELED, NOT A LEAK IN THE TIMBERS...

THEN WHAT, PRAY, IS THIS WET STUFF WHICH IS LAPPING AROUND MY FEET, SIR?
PAH, YOU LANDLUBBERS! AIN'T YUH EVER SAILED WITH THE DECKS AWASH? HAPPENS ALL THE TIME!


ER...CAPTAIN SIR, I HATE TO BE A NUISANCE, BUT I FEEL THERE IS A LITTLE SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW...
QUIET RABBIT! HOW DO YUH EXPECT ME T'STEER MY SHIP WHEN YUH KEEPS BOTHERING ME WITH YER PETTY SMALLTALK!






AAGH! HELP! HELP! STOP THE BOAT! I'M DIZZY!
WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY TO GO ROUND THE LIGHTHOUSE!
STILL COMPLAINING RABBIT? SOME FOLKS ARE JUST NEVER SATISFIED!

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Next week, Sylvester moves home.

JOIN THE ADVENTURES OF
Super mousse
AS HE ROUTS THE SCOUNDRELS OF SCOTLAND YARD.
SUPER MOUSSE IS ENJOYING A QUIET WEEKEND AT MOUSSE HALL WHEN...
POSTCARD FOR YOU Mr. MOUSSE
OH, NO! HERE COMES THE POSTMAN AND THAT LOOKS LIKE A CODED MESSAGE FROM THE BOSS THAT HE'S CARRYING!
YES FOLKS! ITS A SECRET CODED CARD FROM MOUSSE HQ—SUPER MOUSSE READS THE MESSAGE BY READING EVERY THIRD WORD!
Dear Super Mousse, Heard from police, they like HQ now. How about a visit to go and be photographed? Wind blown right now up country. Yours The Boss.
Mr Mousse
Mousse Hall
England
THE INNOCENT-LOOKING POSTCARD REVEALS A DESPERATE MESSAGE
GREAT DETECTIVES! THAT MEANS SOME VILLAIN IS TRYING TO BLOW-UP SCOTLAND YARD!
REAL CHOC MOUSSE
REAL CHOC
TIME FOR MY MOUSSE BAR ENERGY. DELICIOUS!
SUPER MOUSSE BREAKS OPEN A SUPER MOUSSE BAR TO GIVE HIM THE ENERGY TO DEAL WITH THE SCOUNDRELS
SOON SUPER MOUSSE IS OVER LONDON FLYING WITH MOUSSE ENERGY
WOW!
THERE'S SCOTLAND YARD BELOW
MEANWHILE DOWN BELOW...
GUN
POWDER
FUSE
COME ON PIERRE! HURRY UP WITH THAT BARREL OF GUNPOWDER AND I CAN LIGHT THIS MATCH AND BLOW UP SCOTLAND YARD. HE, HE, HE!
SUDDENLY!
KBASH!
FFHAK!
AIEE!
THANK YOU SUPER MOUSSE, YOU'VE SAVED BRITAINS POLICE HEADQUARTERS
SHUCKS, IT WAS NOTHING
GET SUPER CHARGED!
Super mousse
2½p

PINK PANTHER

WE MUST PROTECT OUR WILD CREATURES!
I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THAT HUNTER!
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO BAG THAT DUCK!
OH NO YOU DON'T!
THAT DUCK COMES UNDER THE PROTECTION OF WILD DUCKS AND GEESE ACT, 1969 SECTION 8, PARAGRAPH 5!
A HARE! I'LL SOON HAVE HIM!
YOU WON'T YOU KNOW!
THE HARE SHOOTING SEASON DOESN'T START UNTIL SEPTEMBER! YOU'LL RECEIVE A HEAVY FINE IF YOU SHOOT THAT THERE HARE!
LATER...
STOP!
AH A BROWN FLECKED WARBLE WIT! HE'LL WARBLE NO MORE!
THE BROWN FLECKED WARBLE WIT IS NEARLY EXTINCT IN BRITAIN AND IS PROTECTED BY THE FULL WEIGHT OF THE LAW!
HOW CAN YOU HAVE ANY FUN IN THE COUNTRY WITHOUT SHOOTING THINGS? THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN SHOOT?
HEY! CAN I SHOOT A MOSQUITO?
MICE...MOOSE...MOSQUITO...HERE WE ARE... H'MM: YES, THERE'S NO LAW TO PREVENT YOU SHOOTING A MOSQUITO!
GOOD!
BLAM!
THERE WAS ONE ON THE END OF YOUR TAIL! HA! HA!

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Hold the front page! Panther's a reporter next week

The INSPECTOR

YOU MUST DO SOMETHEENG, INSPECTOR! MY PIGGY BANK HAS BEEN STOLEN!
REALLY, MONSIEUR... WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN CHASE STOLEN PIGGY BANKS!
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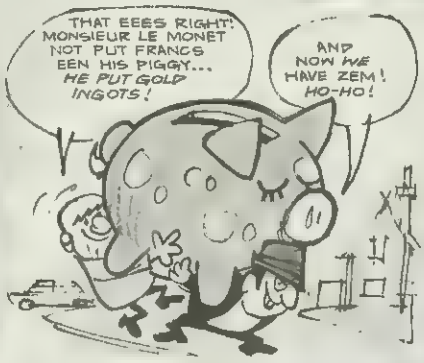

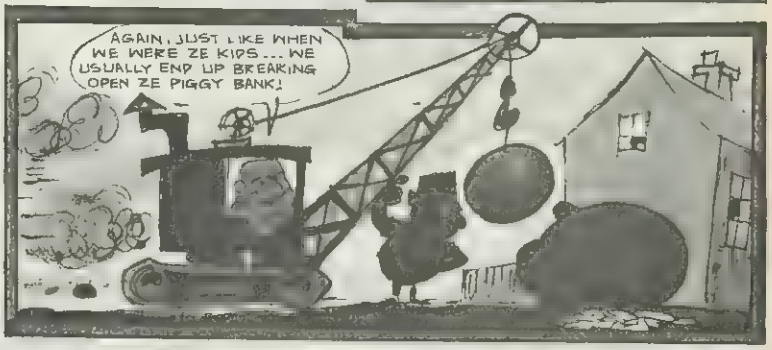

I THEENK THESE POOR MEN HAVE LEARNED THEIR LESSON! EET WAS JUST A CHILDISH PRANK! I DO NOT THEENK THEY WILL STEAL AGAIN!
OH, MONSIEUR! YOU ARE RIGHT! WE NEVER STEAL AGAIN!

VERY WELL, MONSIEUR, BUT I THEENK THEY SHOULD HAVE SOME LITTLE PUNISHMENT! WHISPER! WHISPER!
YES, PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT, INSPECTOR!

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More ze ha-ha's next week.

Larry Harmon's
Laurel & Hardy

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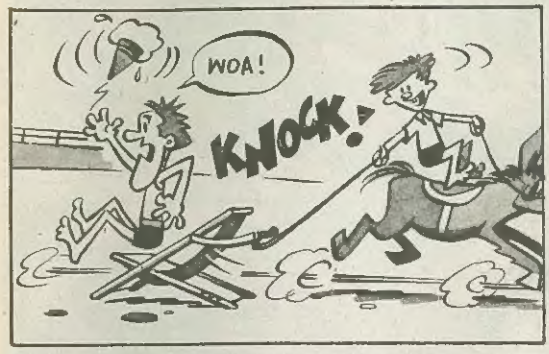

MINUTES LATER...
BAH! THE YOUNG RASCALS HAVE PINCHED NEARLY EVERY ICE ON THE BEACH!
TA, TA, MUGS... WE'RE OFF OUT TO SEA FOR A GIANT SCOFF!
CHUG CHUG
FIONA

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MATT HAMMOND, Mark, Sonny and Skippy are taking a holiday aboard a ship when they are caught up in a plot to assassinate a Prince Tobit by his cousin, Kang, who wishes to inherit the Pacific island kingdom of Ratanga. They, together with the Prince, the Captain of the ship and the Chief Engineer, are forced to abandon ship, and are caught in a storm.

SOON THEY ARE RECOVERED FROM THEIR ORDEAL ...
AH, THAT'S BETTER - NOW ANY IDEA WHERE WE ARE, CAPTAIN?
NO IDEA, MATT, THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF ISLANDS IN THESE WATERS - BUT WE'RE WELL OFF ANY SHIPPING ROUTE, THAT'S FOR SURE!

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GLORY BE!
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF HER, CHIEFY?
SHE'S AN EAST INDIAMAN CLIPPER... AYE, 'TIS THE OLD PLUTO BY THE LOOK O' HER!
SHE WAS ON THE MELBOURNE RUN BACK IN 1802 WHEN SHE WAS LOST WITH ALL HANDS!
BUT HOW WOULD SHE HAVE GOT HERE?
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...
H'MM! SHE'S STILL IN FAIR SHAPE. SOME STORM MUST HAVE DRIVEN HER IN HERE AND WEDGED HER BETWEEN THESE ROCK WALLS!
HEY SKIPPER!
GOSH, THERE'S NO TELLIN', LADDIE. THE OLD SEA CAN PLAY MANY A STRANGE TRICK YE KEN!
WHAT IS IT, CHIEFY?
COME AN' SEE WHAT I'VE FOUND!
SAILS - A COMPLETE SUIT O' SAILS, AN IN VERRA GOOD CONDITION!
GOSH! WE - WE COULDN'T SAIL THIS SHIP, COULD WE CHIEFY?
AYE, LADDIE - CAP'N DAN AN' ME SAILED AFORE THE MAST MANY YEARS AGO!
YES, WE COULD SAIL HER RIGHT ENOUGH!
BUT SHE'S STUCK FAST OUT OF THE WATER! I'M AFRAID WE COULD BE ON THIS ISLAND FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!

Can the castaways free the sailing ship ? See next week.

POPEYE
POPEYE AND BRUTUS ARE THE TWO FINALISTS IN THE WATER SKI RACE FER THE GOLD CUP!
WISH ME LUCK OLIVE!
HEH! HEH! HE'S GONNA NEED IT!
THEY'RE OFF!
LEAST WAYS I AM! HEH! HEH! HEH!
HEH! HEH! I EXCHANGED HIS TOWLINE FOR A LENGTH OF ELASTIC!
HAW! HAW! WATCH HIM GO WHEN HE DOES!
WHOOSH!
YOU COULD SEE HE WUZ HEADIN' FOR TROUBLE GOIN' AT THAT SPEED!
BLAT!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO POPEYE?
WHO CARES?
GIMME STRENGTH! THIS IS BECOMIN' A PROPER DRAG!
OH BOY! SPINNACH!
THAT'S BETTER, NOW FER A STRONG FINISH!
HERE GOES!
WHANG!
HEH! HEH! NOT A SIGN OF HIM! LOOKS LIKE I'M HOME AND DRY!
ARF! ARF! NOW IT'S MY TURN TO LARF!
FINISH
WELL DONE, POPEYE! WE NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D WIN!
ONCE I SAW WHERE I WUZ LYING I KNEW I COULD BOAT HIM ON THE HOME STRETCH! ARF! ARF!
GLUG! GLUG!

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